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Dollar per Bottle.

R. R. R.
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ld always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S
with them. A few drops in water
ness or pains from change of water.
French brandy or bitters as a stimu-

ER AND AGUE.
AGUE cured for fifty cents. There
agent in this world that will cure
, and all other Malarious, Bilious
Yellow, and other Fevers (aided by
ILLS,) so quick as RADWAY'S
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Cents per Bottle.

DWAY'S
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, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency
Collections of the Skin and Eyes,
Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes
in the Flesh.
DWAY'S PILLS will free the
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,25 Cents per Box.
the reader must consult our book
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True."
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ALSE AND TRUE"
stamp to RADWAY & CO
on, Corner Church Street
worth thousands will be sent you,
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Chas M Howe J

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM, THE GARDEN.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

VOLUME XLI.—NO. 26. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1882. WHOLE NUMBER 2098.

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Official Organ of the N. E. Agricultural Society

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Editorial.

THE CONDITION OF PEACH ORCHARDS.

As was predicted by careful observers early in the winter, the peach trees are very much injured, and the prospect for a crop of peaches in New England, the coming season, is far from being favorable; in fact so far as we have examined, the blossom buds are entirely killed, and large numbers of trees are set last season appear to be dead. The older trees are very much injured, many large limbs being dead. No doubt there may be some orchards in favorable locations grown under just the right treatment, that have escaped; if so, it would be interesting to compare the difference in location and treatment with those that have been injured; possibly by so doing we might be able, in future, to in some degree avoid the destruction of the blossom buds and the wood of the trees.

There will no doubt be a difference of opinion, as to the cause of the destruction; already some attribute it to the extreme cold weather in February, but this we know is not correct, at least, so far as our examination extended before the extreme cold weather commenced, because every orchard examined was found to be injured. One week before the extreme cold wave reached us but very few live blossoms buds could be found, and on many trees the branches two or three feet in length were dead.

We do not believe that this wholesale destruction was the result of any one cause, but a combination of causes, the principal one being: First, many orchards have become diseased by the yellows, and the vitality of the tree has thus been very much weakened; a careful examination shows this. Trees that are in an advanced stage of this disease, are killed to a much greater degree than those that are perfectly free from the disease. Second, the extremely sudden cold blast that swept over New England the first week in October, found most of the trees entirely unprepared to meet it. Many plants that under ordinary circumstances would endure a much greater degrees of cold were cut down and nearly destroyed; such was the case with the chrysanthemum, the leaves of which were badly injured; the different varieties of turnips were very badly injured, not only was the foliage killed, but the roots were very badly injured. The weather some time previous had been warm and pleasant, and had thus kept the leaves and twigs of the peach trees full of sap and as fresh as in mid summer. The cold weather came so sudden that neither the leaves or the twigs were prepared for it. Third, the remarkable warm weather that followed the cold blasts of the two first weeks of October set in motion the sap in such trees as had not been badly injured by the cold weather; this swelled the blossom buds to a degree that the first cold weather of winter killed the germ of the blossom buds, and also the unripe wood of the smaller limbs.

These three causes combined, which have rarely if ever before chanced to come in one season, have produced an effect on the peach orchards which will leave its mark for some years to come; for it will not only destroy our crop of peaches the present year, but it will greatly decrease the number of bearing trees next year. This reduction will be caused by the death of many trees of an age that would have come into bearing next year, if the past season had been a good one.

Fruit growers are beginning to believe that peach growing could be engaged in with as reasonable a probability of success as in the more southern States, and already many hundreds of acres have been covered with trees; but it will not require many years like the past to stop the setting of any new orchards, or to kill out all of the old.

A fruit so delicious as the peach, and one so healthful, should not, and will not be given up without the strongest efforts being put forth to overcome the many difficulties which seem to block the way. The greatest evil which we have to contend with, at present, is the yellows; if we could prevent or cure this disease, we should, in favorable locations, be as sure of a crop of peaches as we are of a crop of apples. The investigations of Prof. Goessmann, and his experiments leads us to hope that we shall soon be able to conquer this disease. From his remarks before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, we understand that to keep the tree healthy it must be fed on such fertilizers as are adapted to its wants; potash being the most important element, but that the trees also need phosphate and nitrogen.

It is well to plant a few trees every year, and by thus having trees of different ages be reasonably sure of getting some fruit every year, except when there are a combination of circumstances to prevent it.

If we can grow what peaches we consume in our own household, it is very desirable to do so, even if it is at a cost above the market price of the best of Southern fruit, because if we grow them in our own garden we can let them remain on the trees until ripe, and thus be able to give our children ripe, instead of green fruit.

The orchardist, as he looks at his peach orchard to-day, will naturally feel somewhat discouraged; but he must arm himself with the axe, the saw and the pruning knife, and cut down or pull up the dead trees, saw off every dead limb, and cut back all of the twigs to a point where they indicate a healthy condition. This work should be done at once; for when the dead leaves are permitted to remain on the live stock, it seems to poison the healthy portion of the tree as soon as the sap begins to flow. Trees that are known to have the yellows, if they set among healthy trees, should be cut out and carried away where they can be buried up; but to pick out trees that have this disease will be more difficult the present year than ever before, because of the bad condition of the trees; yet we cannot help thinking that as a rule the trees that are entirely free from the yellows will be in a much better condition than those that have it even slightly; therefore trees that are badly killed may be strongly suspected of having the yellows. The trees that have the yellows can be selected best in the growing season, especially if they have fruit on them. High color, insipid flavor, early ripening, and a decayed spot on one side of the fruit, are very sure indications of the disease. Small yellow leaves and fine twigs growing from the large limbs are also very sure indications that the tree is diseased.

EARLY PEAS.

But few garden vegetables will endure the cold winds and frosty nights of April and May, so well as the pea, and but few vegetables that find their way upon the tables of the masses, are so universally liked; so every person who has a garden is very sure to plant a row of early peas in some sheltered corner, as soon as the frost leaves the ground, that they may have green peas the Fourth of July, if not the Seventeenth of June.

There are now so many varieties to pick from, which are really good, that it is difficulty to decide which is best; each cultivator has his favorite. For some years the Tom Thumb ranked high as a dwarf variety; now we have McLean's Little Gem, which has been improved to the Premium Gem; Blue Peter and others, Carter's First Crop growing two and one half feet high is a very good early variety, being both productive and good flavored. The pea, unlike many other vegetables, seems to grow better by planting deep; from experiment it has been found to yield better if planted four inches deep; good crops have been grown in light soil when planted six, and even eight inches deep; but the best crops have been grown when planted four to five inches deep. As a rule it is best to buy seed, because unless planted late the worms find their way into the peas that are grown in this State. While most of buggy seed will germinate, the young plant will not start with that vigor which one will that comes from a sound pea, and if we continue for a few years to plant buggy peas, we shall be very likely to have a worm in every green pea, which although it may make the peas richer when cooked, few like the idea of having richness come from such minute masses. By planting in July the bugs may be avoided, but as a rule peas planted so late mildew, and fail to produce good crops. Imported peas are free from bugs.

Early peas should be planted where the land can be occupied by other crops after they are grown; squashes, cucumbers and other vines may be planted where they will run over the ground occupied by the peas, after the crop is gathered; or the ground may be sown with turnips, or set with cabbages, as there is time enough for these crops to grow after the peas are gathered. While peas may be started with stable manure, they will produce a much larger crop, if in addition to the manure, ground bone be liberally sprinkled in the drill.

WORCESTER NORTHWEST AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, 1881.

BY J. R. NICHOLS.

Official Report to the State Board of Agriculture.

In accordance with appointment, I visited Worcester Northwest Agricultural Catte Show and Fair at Athol, October 5th and 6th, and have to report that I found nearly, or indeed quite everything connected with the show in a flourishing and satisfactory condition. It was in all respects a farmer's festival, an exhibition of the products of the earth, and of the cattle from the fields, of which any society might well be proud.

I do not suppose that this exhibition differed essentially from those held in previous years, of which reports have been made to this Board. The Society own its grounds which are well fitted up and well taken care of. They have the trotting race course found upon the grounds of many of the societies in the State, and they have their *horse day*, so called, which is the second day of the Fair. On this day, everything gives way to horse racing or trotting, and the grounds are crowded. I am fond of that noble animal, the horse, but do not think that a race course, or horse racing, legitimate adjuncts to a cattle show or Fair, and therefore did not stop long to witness the exhibition.

The exhibition of animals was very creditable, some noble specimens of Jerseys and Shorthorns being on the grounds. The display of fruits was not extensive, but good in kind and quality. Some specimens of peaches were superior to any met with at exhibitions in other towns and cities. It is very desirable that this fruit should be more carefully studied than it has been, with the view of finding a remedy for or some preventive of the troublesome disease known as the yellows. I am well convinced it is an affection which can be brought under preventable treatment, and this is a matter of the highest consequence to New England fruit raisers.

One or two points relating to our State Fairs I wish to bring under notice. There is, it seems to me, a sad want of order and method in the management of many of them, and this greatly detracts from their efficiency and usefulness.

At Athol I could not find a single member of any committee on prizes from whom to obtain information. I could obtain no history of any of the animals from any source. The animals were not described and the prize animals not designated. The method practised in England and Scotland, of making a point of publicly exhibiting the prize animals on a raised platform on the grounds, I think a good one. It is one of the features of the day and a show about which centres the greatest interest. I have seen in exhibitions of the old Highland Society at Glasgow, a Scotch milkmaid mount the exhibition rostrum, without bonnet or shoes, and standing beside her prize cow in the presence of thousands, the envied one of all, and prouder than Queen Victoria on her throne.

The ploughing at Athol was upon the whole a sad affair. A few teams engaged in the contest and some imperfect scratching of the ground accomplished, but contrasted with the brilliant display at the Essex show, it hardly deserves mentioning. It should be stated however, that the ground was not well adapted to this work, and if the society can find no better field, or if no greater enthusiasm can be awakened, this feature of the show better be adandoned. I am under great obligations to our esteemed associate, Dr. Lynde, for many years President of the Society, for kind attentions, and to President Brooks and several other gentlemen prominent in the Society.

Questions & Answers.

☞ All questions to the Editor, desiring answer through the *Ploughman*, should be accompanied by the full name of the correspondent.

WEIGHT OF MILK.

Editor Mass. Ploughman:

Will you or some of your scientific farmers who weigh their milk instead of measuring it, be kind enough to inform me through the *Ploughman*, exactly how many pounds one hundred quarts of milk will weigh? I have asked the question a number of times and the answer has always been about so much. A. R.

Georgetown, Feb. 17, 1882.

It is impossible to state precisely, how much a hundred quarts of milk will weigh, because the weight varies according to the richness and temperature of the milk; rich milk weighs less than poor milk, and cold milk more than warm. One hundred quarts of milk of fair quality at 60 degrees will weigh 215 pounds. If A. R. will weigh the milk of different cows, at different temperatures he will not think it strange that the weight should be given as about so much. —ED.

TOBACCO BEDS—POULTRY, Etc.

To the Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I wish you to inform me through the *Ploughman* just how to make a tobacco bed as early as possible; I wish to raise plants to sell, and as I am a lady farmer, I wish all the particulars. Also, the most prolific early dwarf pea, and the best fowls for spring use, and what kind of vinegar is used in the pickles put up in barrels such as we buy in the stores, where obtained, and how prepared, and what kind of cucumbers are used.

Is there any cure for a horse that is stocked? Please answer soon, and oblige,

A SUBSCRIBER.

Westfield, March 4th, 1882.

A tobacco bed should be made in a sheltered place where the soil is rich and fine; well rotted manure, with a bushel of wood ashes to the rod, should be thoroughly mixed with the soil; particular pains should be taken to rake off all the lumps of earth and other substances that are not well pulverized. The seed should be sown as soon as the ground gets well settled, being careful to sow very near the surface, and to keep the bed well watered if the weather should prove dry.

The Tom Thumb is a very productive pea if a little phosphate be scattered in the drill when planted.

The medium size Light Brahma make good early chicks, but some prefer the Plymouth Rock. There are many opinions as to the best breeds for early chicks. Success probably depends quite as much on the care as the breed.

The vinegar used by those who put up large quantities of pickles is manufactured by the packers, and is not for sale. If cider vinegar is to be used, care must be taken not to have it too strong, or it will soften the pickles. "Boston Pickling" is the variety used for the Boston market to a considerable extent. An answer to the last question cannot be given without knowing the cause.—[ED.

"TROUBLE AMONG THE SWINE."

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I would suggest to W. J. R. that if he will put his pigs out on to the ground where they can root, they will take more exercise and will limber up their limbs. It is the best remedy, and I think the only cure for lameness. Hogs find something in the dirt that relieves the stiffness, or the labor of rooting limbers the cords and muscles.

I have got three that have been troubled like W. J. R's. I turned them loose so they can run where they please. Two appear to be well and the third one is better.

If you think the above of any value please publish it for the benefit of W. J. R. and others. L. G.

East Templeton, Mass., March 14, 1882.

BARNSTABLE COUNTY FAIR, 1881.

BY E. F. BOWDITCH.

Official Report to the State Board of Agriculture.

As delegate to the Barnstable County Fair, it gives me great pleasure to report, that at no Fair with possibly one exception, have I seen more interest manifested or more pains taken to make the show both profitable to the farmers and creditable to the exhibitors.

Members seemed to consider it no hardship to bring samples of their farm fifteen or twenty miles—the result being a fine live stock show both in numbers and quality. Sheep for a wonder were also well represented in spite of the poor laws for their protection.

The ball show was much better than could have been expected considering the season, particularly the fancy articles, which never seem to be affected by the weather.

The Board may feel sure that when farmers can make worthless swamps, which were a mar in the landscape a few years ago, look not only greener and neater than a flower garden, but produce $300,000 worth of cranberries, and the once useless sand hills bear useful trees, that the State bounty is bearing good fruit.

It is to be hoped that the present legislature will pass laws that will protect tree plantations and natural forests from fires, generally caused by the careless sportsman or mischievous boy, cheating the farmer out of his well earned harvest of wood.

BEES AND GRAPES.

At the annual meeting of the Northeastern Bee-Keepers' Association the question of bees' puncturing grapes was brought up. This is important among bee-keepers, and it is one over which legal difficulties have often been threatened. It was the unanimous opinion of all present that honey bees never under any circumstances puncture the skin of a grape. Tests have been repeatedly made, and in no case has any bee ever been known to touch a grape that was not punctured. Black ants are the enemies of the grapes. Two bills were introduced in the California Legislature to do away with all bees on this account. A careful examination and an extended debate proved that there was not a single case of bees puncturing grapes. The society placed itself on record on the matter by adopting the following resolution:

Resolved, After due investigation of well-known and numerous cases, the convention unanimously asserts that the honey bee never punctures the skins of perfect grapes or any other fruits; but that the sucking of juices from fruits is only from that which has been punctured by other insects, birds or natural causes.

BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

Correspondence.

A DESCENDANT OF A "PHENOMENAL COW."

BY CHARLES O. ELLMS.

To the Editor Mass. Ploughman:

I had a hen of the Silver Poland variety that died this week, at the age of 12 years. She was one of a trio that were on exhibition at the Marshfield Agricultural Fair of 1872. I should like to know if there are many hens of that age living, and what is the longest life of the hen.

In reading the account of "Boss Beauty," a daughter of King of Scituate, son of Jersey Belle, in last week's *Ploughman*, I was reminded of an article in a back number of the *American Agriculturist*, written by Charles L. Sharpless, of Philadelphia, (whom Mr. Hazard in his book on escutcheons says is one of the best judges and most intelligent breeders in the country,) who says that a two-year-old heifer that makes nine pounds of butter in one week is a high standard animal. Now here is an animal that has made at the rate of nearly eleven pounds in one week. Being a descendant of a "Phenomenal Cow," it refutes the article recently put forth in an agricultural journal by a gentleman and echoed by one of the speakers at the State Board Meeting at Bridgewater, "that phenomenal cows' peculiarities were less likely to be inherited than the most ordinary characters of a superior cow of her type." The above cow is only one of the many descendants of the "phenomenal cow" that are inheriting her peculiarties." Thus we see when the sunlight knowledge of facts comes out, the moonshine ignorance of glittering generalities disappears. These disciples of science have much to learn. Their opinions are not infallible. Ville and Lawes differ. The former says that plants derive part of their nitrogen from the atmosphere, the latter, that there is no indication of any sensible amount of nitrogen from it, and also that 50 per cent. of the fat of animals was formed from the carbohydrates or non nitrogenous food, whilst Voit tells us that all the fat is at the expense of the albuminoids or nitrogenous food. What shall we do when doctors disagree? And may not the chemist be fallible on the silo question? May not the watery compound be more nutritious than they suppose? Dr. Lardner said that steam never could be available to cross the Atlantic. It has proved to the contrary, and may not these silos succeed, notwithstanding the theories advanced against them? The only objection I have is that I think good butter cannot be made, as the food for butter must be sweet. Only last week my butter was changed by using rowen that had considerable of the arnica flower in it. I make my best butter from hay cut the first week in June, with our Northern Indian corn meal.

Greenbush, Scituate, Mass., March 20th.

"ENSILAGE"—"SILOS."

BY S. N. THOMPSON.

To the Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

In the *Ploughman* of March 4th I was pleased to read Dr. Nichols' reply to statements made by Mr. Mills at the Institute meeting at Grafton, believing such a reply necessary to prevent disappointment and loss by those who may be induced to build silos the coming season.

As Dr. N.'s reply did not cover *all* the false positions taken by Mr. Mills, I wish to give your readers my experience, and let them draw their own conclusions. He says "a receptacle for ensilage can be made above ground by lining stanchions with hemlock boards. It is not necessary to have it air tight. Knot holes may be safely left."

Last season I built a silo in my barn cellar running up through my bay to scaffold above. In my cellar I built three sides with concrete and used the cellar wall, *well pointed*, for the fourth side. I left a door so I could enter the silo from the cellar, also one to enter it from the floor above. The lower door I closed by putting in a two-inch plank, but purposely left the joints between without putting on cleats, to see what effect the small amount of air that could enter through them would have on my ensilage. About Nov. 20th I opened my silo and first cut down to this door, where I found the ensilage to the depth of three or four inches had turned black and in an advanced stage of decay, while at a distance of ten inches on either side against the concrete walls it was in fine condition. Now what was the cause of this? Evidently the admission of the small amount of air. And in proof of this position I would say that against the pointed walls where it was not perfectly smooth so that the ensilage could displace all the air, I found it in even worse condition than against the door. Mr. Mills may say, "You did not put on sufficient weight at the door or on the sides." I reply that I put on enough to keep my ensilage well in other parts of the silo, and having purchased 4,000 pounds of cotton seed meal, and having no better place to store it, I placed it across the end in which was this door, so that I had in this particular place more than double the weight that was on other parts of the silo.

From my experience I would say to your readers who contemplate putting in a silo, don't take any stock in "hemlock boards with knot holes in them." Have your sides air tight, or you are sure to be disappointed. I had previously believed that we could preserve our corn and grass by using a powerful hay press, and bale it as we do hay; but this experience has convinced me that my belief was erroneous.

Southboro, March 6th, 1882.

☞ Test your onion seeds by placing a little in moist sand, cotton or moss in a warmish room. If fresh, it will soon (in about three days) sprout. Onion seed should not be more than one year old, and the difference in the crop from new and old seed is such that all onion culturists should test their own seeds before sowing.—*Rural New Yorker.*

☞ On the night of the 23d ult., dogs literally tore to pieces a number of the finest blooded sheep in Livingston county, Mo., belonging to F. H. Minor, and worth $250.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

CORN WITH STOCKBRIDGE FERTILIZER.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I am much pleased to see in the various agricultural papers which I receive an increasing interest in the corn crop, for I have given it a good deal of attention. I write now to inform the readers of the *Ploughman* the result of an experiment with the Stockbridge Fertiliser by the undersigned on raising corn in 1881. The field was in corn the previous year which produced a yield of 85 bushels of shelled corn to the acre; the field was ploughed about the 20th of May, on one-half of which was sown broadcast at the rate of four bags of Stockbridge Fertilizer to the acre; on the other half of the field was spread at the rate of five cords of stable manure to the acre; the field was then harrowed with Geddes's sharptooth harrow and marked with a plough in rows 3 1-2 feet one way and 3 feet the other, making about 4000 hills to the acre. Then on that dressed with manure I laid a moderate shovelfull of manure in the hill. The field was planted the last day of May, not putting anything in the hill on that part dressed with Stockbridge. The seed was that raised the previous year, producing 85 bushels to the acre. The corn came up very well and the first two weeks after the corn pricked through the ground there was no apparent difference in the growth on the two sections of the field. After that time the section dressed with manure began to increase in growth over the other section and continued to do so through the season. When the corn was one foot to one and a-half foot high, as my custom has been for many years, I had my field cultivated with a Boston Horse Hoe, passing twice between the rows. After six or seven days I had the Horse Hoe passed once between the rows and hood the field. The corn dressed with manure was now about two feet high, that dressed with Stockbridge three or four inches shorter; both sections of the field made a very good growth of stover and the ears set well both in number and in length. On the section dressed with Stockbridge the corn was now nearly one foot shorter than that dressed with manure, but the whole field showed a fair prospect of a good yield of corn. I was observing the experiment with much interest and found that the ears of corn where the Stockbridge dressing was applied were not filling out so well as the other. The result was, at harvest that the section dressed with manure yielded 60 bushels to the acre and that dressed with Stockbridge yielded 30 bushels. The season in Massachusetts and in all New England was unfavorable to the corn crop, and although some farms produced an average yield these were the exception, and the corn crop generally was one quarter or more short of an average yield, the same being true in regard to my crop. My average yield of corn has been 80 bushels for many years. The year 1881 being 60 bushels is one quarter short, and my conclusions are that Stockbridge Fertiliser, will in ordinary seasons produce 40 bushels per acre but the year 1881 one quarter less which is 30 bushels. The result of my experiment has satisfied me that four bags or $20 worth of Stockbridge will not ordinarily produce but 40 bushels of corn to the acre, and if circumstances should require me to use Stockbridge I should plant Canada cap or some small variety of corn, the ears of which I think would fill out well. As stated above I planted my large corn, scarcely an ear of which was but little more than half filled with corn, while with stable manure the ears were as usual well filled. That the Stockbridge should produce stalk sufficient for fifty to sixty bushels of corn produce only thirty, is a result I had not thought of, I inquired of a high officer in the Worcester County Grange whether he used Stockbridge Fertiliser on his farm for corn, if so, with what result. He replied that he had used it with fair results. I inquired further the amount he applied to the acre. He said he applied one and one-half or twice the amount of the formula and produced satisfactory crops. His experience accords with mine that the formula is not sufficient to produce a desirable crop of corn. I inquired also of an agent of the Bowker Fertiliser Company whether he used the Fertiliser. He replied that he had used it, but said he thought it better adapted to grass and fodder crops than to raising grain. His opinion also agreed with my experience, that it will produce a good growth of stover, but the yield of grain will not be large. I have here given a careful description of my experiment and shall be pleased to see the reports of other farmers with the same fertilizer; and would ask them to report the yield of the crop either in bushels or pounds. I hand you a sample of corn grown on both sections of the field, which you can exhibit to farmers interested in the experiment. J. H.

Shrewsbury, Mass.

THE FRANKLIN COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

[Springfield Republican.]

Nearly every town in the county was represented at the meeting of the trustees of the Franklin Agricultural Society at Greenfield, March 17th inst., 21 being present. It was voted that the salaries of the paid officers be the same as last year, and $850 was voted for the payment of premiums. The trustees handled the question of horse-trots very gently. The question was brought before them, discussed mildly, now peacefully rests on the table, although it was decided to offer small purses for the best displays of women's horsemanship, a new feature of the society. The regular committees were not appointed at this meeting, but the following officers were chosen: Auditors, John A. Aiken, F. G. Fessenden; superintendent of grounds, F. G. Smith; superintendent of hall, W. L. Warner; marshals, Sheriff Kimball and his deputies; superintendent of stock and horses, George P. Carpenter; executive committee, President A. K. Ware, J. S. Grinnell, S. B. State, T. J. Field and H. C. Haskell. At the invitation of President Warner the trustees dined at his house.

MANURE FOR STRAWBERRIES.

A correspondent of the *Fruit Recorder* says: "An experiment made last year by myself may not come amiss at this time with those who grow strawberries. I procured half a hogshead, filled it with rain water, and put into it one-quarter pound of ammonia, and one-quarter pound of common nitre. When the strawberry plants were blossoming out, I gave them a sprinkling of the solution at evening, twice a week, until the fruit was nearly ripe. The result was double the amount of fruit on those where the liquid was applied to where none of the liquid was applied."

Correspondence.

ADULTERATION OF FOOD AND DRUGS.

To the Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

In the Boston Saturday Evening *Traveller*, March 11th, we find by telegram from its special Washington correspondent that Mr. Horr, of Michigan, of the House Committee on Commerce, has submitted the report of the Committee and a bill giving the Secretary of the Treasury power to appoint a Board of analysts and inspectors.

Among other things in the report we find these:

"Cream of tartar is subject to gross adulteration; of (18) samples examined by experts (11) contained lime from (17) to (90) per cent.; two had no cream of tartar, but had alum and other articles. Of nine samples examined in New York one had (86) per cent. terra alba; one (61) per cent., and all the others lime salt."

The chemist of the National Board of Health out of (1116) peppers, found (576) adulterated. *Allspice* is largely adulterated. Out of (21) specimens of ground ginger (15) were adulterated.

"Chinese teas are dusted with Prussian blue, and Japan teas with indigo, along with finely pulverised sulphate of lime and silicates."

"In the preparation of teas such drugs are used as black lead, indigo, Prussian blue, chrome yellow, venitian red, carbonate of copper, and arsenite of copper."

"In the manufacture of confectionery different poisonous preparations are used containing Prussian blue, carbonate of copper, cochineal, carbonate of lead, and red lead."

"It is believed by persons who have examined this subject for the past five years, that a large proportion of the substances shipped from the Old World to the new, and which enter so largely into the manufacturing of the foods of this country, are adulterated and impure." Many adulterations of drugs are named, and the report adds: "Your committee are clearly of opinion that this adulteration of drugs and medicine results in great danger to health and life." GEO. T. ANGELL.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

NEW ENGLAND FARMS TO THE FRONT.

To the Editor of Massachusetts Ploughman:

The great bugbear in the minds of many who would like to be farmers and keep a stock of cattle has been that a man cannot keep a stock of cattle without half a township, more or less, and so, led away with this idea, the enterprising young men of New England who prefer farming to trades, speculation or merchandise, have gone West. But now a new era has at last dawned upon New England farmers. By means of the silo, ten acres is found enough to summer and winter a stock of cattle of at least 20 head the year round, and at the same time supply the household with everything which it is not cheaper and better to buy. And the silo, it is at last found, instead of being a costly structure of masonry is even better a pit dug in the ground and lined with boards, a bay boarded up in the barn, or a cheap shed built in the most convenient place near the cattle stalls. Once it was supposed the substance to be stored in the silo must be cut into fine bits, which could only be done with an expensive ensilage cutter, run by steam or horse power. Now even this gets the go by, and those who have tried it and know, say, cut the fodder four or six inches long, fill the silo with this evenly without tramping, and weight with stone, boxes or bags of sand. It would not prove a very great hardship to cut corn fodder enough with a broad axe, or at any rate, some long bladed hand cutter, to fill a silo of some sixty or an hundred tons. There certainly would be no more work in it than mowing by hand and making twenty-five or thirty tons of hay, which has never been considered a very great hardship; but better yet would be a small steam engine and a cutter.

Now if any one doubts the practicability of any of these statements, let him read the report of the Middlesex Institute in the *Ploughman* of Feb. 24, or send to J. B Brown, president of the New York Plow Co., 55 Beekman Street, for a copy of a "Report of the proceedings of the Ensilage Congress held, in New York, January 25th and 26th, enclosing 30 cents, the price of the report. But the report of the Middlesex Institute in the *Ploughman* ought to be enough to satisfy any reasonable mind of the value of the silo to every farmer in New England. By it the work on the farm is vastly reduced and simplified, and avenues of enterprise and wealth opened to young men never before dreamed of in New England.

Young men, old men, middle-aged men think of this. Examine, investigate, get out of the old ruts, as all will who have any spirit or enterprise in them; and as for the slow pokes, the grumblers and growlers, the doubters and sneerers at all progress or improvement in farming, let them plod on with pod augurs and grubbing hoes. They will continue to drive to town in rickety old wagons, with clumsy, broken harnesses, tied up with ropes and strings, themselves dressed in garments that might have done duty a season or two in scaring away crows from a corn field. Some take a sort of pride in this style of talk. They think it shows a mind independent of the trifles of this world. But wherever we find such a man he is a stumbling block in the way of the young, who need to see objects to attract in a life of farming, and not to repel. Compare the value and influence of such a man with one who lives up to the times, a civilized man, and not a semi-barbarian. He can afford a little time to make the surroundings of his home look attractive. He can afford to drive a good team, and when he goes to town look like the gentleman that he is.

This is not saying the farmer should be dressed like a gentleman when at work. Let him dress according to his work, and not be ashamed to be caught by visitors from town with his farm suit on.

The New England farmer, or any other farmer, is, or ought to be, by his manners, his intellectual culture and habits, the peer of the first man in the world, and if they will they may be so regarded. A. B. B.

Waltham, Mass.

Horticulture.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

NEW AND DESIRABLE PEACHES.

A Talk on the Best Varieties.

BY R. H. HAINES.

Recent experience proves that the peach can be successfully grown in very many localities where hitherto it had been thought impossible to do so. It is one of the most enjoyable of fruits to grow, requiring but little care, and yielding fruit very soon after planting the trees—usually within two or three years. Surely the expenditure of an hour's work during the season, in pruning and caring for a dozen trees, is well repaid by having ripe, blushing, luscious peaches to eat from July to November. As peach trees are about the cheapest trees that can be bought, there are few persons, either in city or country, but may get due enjoyment from them. Indeed, even on the slopes of mountains, 200 or 300 feet above the plain, I have seen beautiful large peaches grown. Much of the pleasure to be obtained from this fruit will depend on having suitable varieties. After describing a few of the newer peaches, I will then select some of the best of the older kinds from a list of about 200 varieties.

Lord Palmerston.—This is a beautiful, new, white peach, with a delicious pink blush on one side. It is one of the Rivers peaches from England, and from its large size and fine quality promises to become very popular in this country. It ripens after Crawford's Late.

Waterloo.—A promising new *extra early* peach from northern New York. As most of the early peaches are of only medium size, this new large peach will be cordially welcomed. Fruit of a fine rich color, and of good quality.

Conkling.—Another popular new peach. Fruit of large size, of a fine yellow and red color, and ripens a little earlier than the Lord Palmerston.

Wager.—This is a fine, large, juicy, yellow and red peach, that is noted especially from the fact that it is believed the peach pits reproduce the same variety when planted. It ripens in August.

Amsden's June, Early Alexander, Early Beatrice, Wilder and *Downing* are all *extra early* peaches that succeed pretty generally along the seaboard and Gulf States, and in some of the Western States. The first two kin

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAR. 25, 1882.

At the coming show, in Boston, of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, there will be ninety-six classes of dogs exhibited.

Gen. Francis A. Walker, President of the Mass. Institute of Technology, is to deliver four lectures in Lever Hall, beginning April 18, the subject of the first two being American Agriculture.

To be astronomically accurate, Spring really began at 11:56 A. M. on Monday last. The young moon that showed up fresh and new on the previous Friday morning was all ready to usher the season in.

An extraordinary fatality is reported among the codfish in the ocean, the Norwegian barque Sidon, just arrived from Cardenas, having sailed through fifty miles of them floating on the surface.

Col. Wm. A. Cook has retired from the prosecution of the star-route case, on the ground that there is nothing for him to do. He claims that his duties have been gradually taken away from him, and a general showing-up of the conduct of the counsel for the Government is the consequence.

The negotiations for a copyright treaty between the United States and England are described as in about the same condition as those for a commercial treaty between England and France. In other words, very little is known about them, either where they stand or what they promise.

The Zuni chiefs, from New Mexico, held a reception in the Old South on Tuesday afternoon last, in their native costumes and speaking their native language. They are to visit the ocean, as it is stated, after an interval of many hundred years, to observe certain religious rites and ceremonies that have been perpetuated from a time to which the memory of man runneth not back.

The murdered Mrs. Bell, of Kirkland street, is now believed to have been born in Lynn, Mass., Dec. 15, 1849, from which place she went to Westerly, R. I., where she married, subsequently returning to Lynn with her child, Wills, where a man named Davis, a machinist, became infatuated with her, and he is said also to correspond well to the description of the murderer. His present whereabouts are unknown.

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.

We have never had to record the parallel to the present condition of the entire Mississippi Valley, in consequence of the continuous overflow of that great stream and its principal confluents. All the way from Cairo to New Orleans it is an open sea. Plantations and farms are under water for whole lines of counties along the river. The estimate is that not less than 85,000 people have been driven from their homes by the rising of the waters. The amount of suffering from destitution is very great. Government has been doing what it could to furnish relief, and Congress has voted two separate appropriations of money for the same purpose. Steamboats are plying from point to point to rescue the beleaguered ones or to carry them supplies.

The cotton plantations have been the most exposed to the overflow, over some of which, in certain Louisiana parishes, the water is from four to five feet deep. Dwellings, stores, wells, out-houses and stock are being carried away by the current. Vicksburg is crowded full with refugees. New Orleans is rapidly filling up with negroes from above and below. The steamers from up the river are engaged in bringing away stock from different places, as well as black and white persons, and much of the former has died from exposure and hunger while in transit. The sugar plantations of Louisiana have not as yet been largely subjected to the general overflow, but unless the waters soon come to a stop their turn will certainly come. The whole valley, for hundreds of miles on either side, is a dismal, desolate, watery waste, drowning every vestige of human life and industry.

THE STRIKE AT LAWRENCE.

In consequence of the notice given to their employes of a contemplated reduction of wages on the 29th inst., the weavers in the Pacific Mills struck, and have since been joined by others, making the entire number of the strikers 400 weavers. The spinners have since held a meeting and voted not to accept the new schedule of wages. The mills have been running for the past week with one-sixth of their ordinary labor force. Not less than three thousand persons are involved in the movement, directly and indirectly. There was a general advance in the wages of the operatives two years ago, when the mills were doing a large and profitable business, but since then there has taken place a decided change in the fashion of worsted goods, which are in a very large degree superseded by woolen goods.

The cost of the special and very delicate machinery required in the manufacture of worsted goods was very heavy, and it must all be accounted a dead loss unless worsted goods shall come into fashion again. To keep their operatives employed, the managers of the mills have for many months past run their machinery without a profit. The wages hitherto paid at the Pacific Mills have been higher than any other mill in the world, but the new schedule was finally determined on in justice to the stockholders. The total reduction on the whole pay-roll, it is said, will only be one-fourth of the advance made two years ago. The strike is regarded by those who are best calculated to know as being unnecessary and coming at the wrong time. A strike means now simply the transfer of labor from one town or city to another.

THE OMAHA TROUBLES.

There has been open war in Omaha, or what comes very near to it. The Governor has called on the President for assistance, and two companies of cavalry and one of infantry reached the State, and two more companies of infantry and a Gatling gun are hourly expected to arrive. This requisition on the Federal Government is for putting an end to a conflict between a body of workmen and their employers. In addition to the above Federal forces, nine companies of State militia have arrived. The trouble is a purely local one, yet Federal troops are called for as if it contained the threat of far wider consequences. It is in no sense a rebellion against the laws of the State, or one that threatens in any way the existence of local government, but it is a conflict of labor interests merely, that are almost constantly occurring everywhere.

It is a simple strike of laborers, and nothing more. The regular army is called in to overawe them. In other words, it is an open proclamation to laborers that, as between themselves and the corporations employing them, any attempt at opposing the latter on the question of wages or anything else is to be put down at once by martial law. The employing railroad in the case will immediately put its force of men to work under the protection of federal troops. This act of the Governor of Nebraska is a very bad one to establish as a precedent. It means that whenever any serious difficulty shows itself between a body of laborers and a corporation employing them recourse shall at once be had to the army, and all questions thus be settled by force. It is not the way for a free country like ours.

THE NEXT NEW ENGLAND FAIR.

The meeting, on Saturday last, the 18th inst, of the Trustees of the New England Agricultural Society was, in point of interest, one of the most noteworthy ever held by that body, and characterized by an unusual degree of enthusiastic feeling. There was a very liberal representation of the Trustees of each of the six States of New England in attendance. Every Vice President was present, with the single exception of George Campbell, Esq., of Vermont, whose absence was occasioned by serious illness, on account of which he received the sincere sympathy of all assembled.

The occasion for an attendance so unusual in point of numbers, as well as for the spirit manifested, was the settlement of the question of locality for the next Fair of the Society. The general understanding at the outset was that a very strong desire was entertained by the members of the Vermont State Agricultural Society, as well as by the Middlesex North Agricultural Society, of Lowell, Mass., to secure the Fair of 1882 for their own localities; a desire to which the utmost consideration was allowed by the Trustees as a body. And, as will readily be seen after a perusal of the report of the discussion in another column, there was manifested a general inclination on the part of the Board to allow the claims of the other portions of New England.

This, too, notwithstanding the urgency of the invitation presented by the Worcester County Society. No change of location, however, was to be seriously considered, with an invitation of such a character before the Trustees, unless the proposition was at least equally well supported. The objection which would most naturally arise in all minds to the continuation of the Fair in the locality where it had been already held for four successive years were well and thoroughly discussed, and were not at length disposed of without conceding to them their full force and weight. The tendency to localizing the Fair, and thereby to a certain extent diminish its educating influences, is by no means the least forcible of these objections, and was dismissed only with reluctance and without taking from it the slightest measure of its significance.

But it had to be considered, withal, that the Trustees had come together from all parts of New England expressly for the purpose of deciding the location for the next Fair; that the Middlesex North had not as yet formulated its wish sufficiently to entitle it in its present shape to the name of an express invitation; that the Vermont State Society was not present and speaking by deputed authority; and that invitations had not been intimated as coming from any other quarter. The risk, therefore, of accepting the Worcester Society's invitation on condition that no others were extended, was obviously too great to warrant so ungracious a proposal by the Trustees. Worcester was finally decided upon, and the meeting adjourned satisfied with what it had done.

GERMANY AND RUSSIA.

There is no abatement of feeling on the part of Germany in relation to the Czar's unavowed, though not discovered, intentions, and the latest rumors by cable are that France has, or certainly will, form an alliance with Russia as against Germany, Austria, and Italy. This looks like a general European war, which is certainly sure to occur if Germany chooses to continue in her present temper and to arouse the bad temper of Austria. Into a war of such dimensions England would almost inevitably be drawn, if only by her interest in the East. Yet it would seem to be quite as improbable, if not as impossible, for England, after her past experience with Turkey, to form an alliance with Russia as it would be for her to contest France.

It will be a strangely mixed affair, if war really comes, and upon a gigantic scale, Germany feels, or Bismarck at least does, that Germany has not yet reached that position in Europe which rightfully belongs to her, and France may perhaps be impatient of an opportunity to thrust at her old enemy with an increased vigor by reason of having an ally so powerful as the great northern empire would be. Germany clearly invites such a war, while Russia is just as clearly not unwilling that it should come. Aggrandizement is the motive quite as much as resentment. Pan slavism is eager for a chance for self-assertion, and Germany would be glad to assume the first rank in Central Europe, without the prospect of a rival.

CONGRESS.

The Senate discussed the bill to improve the life-saving service of the country. The military academy appropriation and the consular and diplomatic appropriation bills were reported. The bill for the admission of Dakota into the Union as a State was favorably reported. The tariff commission bill was again considered, and debate resumed upon it. A large number of bills were introduced in the House, on a great variety of subjects. A vote of 152 to 56 adopted the resolution making the tariff commission bill a special order when the House shall next go into committee of the whole, to be thus continued until finally disposed of. A motion was made to place the Geneva award bill in a special order for April 11. The minister to Bolivia has been recalled at his own request. The House held an all night session on the Geneva award bill. A protest was presented to the Senate against the admission of Dakota into the Union by Mr. Hale, of Maine. The previous question on the anti-Chinese bill was called on Wednesday afternoon. The sub-committee of the House ways and means committee reported to the full committee a bill for the abolition of all internal revenue taxes, except on distilled and malt liquors, manufactured tobacco, bank circulation, and alcoholic medicines. It is currently rumored in Washington that Senator Teller of Colorado is to become Secretary of the Interior. The House committee reportedly adversely on the bill providing for national aid in the direction of monuments commemorative of historic battles on American soil.

THE LEGISLATURE.

In the House, the bill to compel fortnightly payments by manufacturing corporations to their employes was admitted, in place of an adverse committee report, by a strong vote. The committee on agriculture have reported favorably on forest planting within the wastes of the towns of the State. A bill for a new bridge between Boston and Cambridge was changed so as to permit the approaching avenue to cross railroads at grade. The Postmaster General was present in each branch on Monday afternoon. The Senate considered the bill to permit the Boston and Maine road to raise its tracks at the Boston end. The railroad committee reported the bill to enable railroad companies to aid connecting railroads in a new draft, containing the provisions that no railroad corporation shall purchase or hold stock in any railroad incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts which connects with the Hoosac Tunnel. A bill in reply to the petition of the Charles River street railway company was reported to the Senate, granting its request in part. The bill forbidding savings banks from investing more than one fourth of their deposits in national bank stock was engrossed in the House. A report was made to the House from the appropriate committee, adverse to the abolition of capital punishment. The Senate passed the bill for selling the State stock of the Boston and Albany Railroad. It has now passed both Houses, except the enacting stages. A resolve was reported to the House, looking toward homœopathical treatment for the insane.

☞ The horse *Patriot*, half-brother to "Volunteer," foaled in June, 1873, is announced for service in the appropriate column. His sire, Thorndale, is half-brother to Goldsmith Maid. It is claimed for Patriot that he is more closely related to a majority of the finest American trotters than any other trotting stallion in New England. His stations for the season are Goffstown, N. H., and Groton, Mass. See advertise. ment.

— The free-pass question is under active discussion in Connecticut. A bill has been introduced in the Legislature forbidding the issuing of passes to members, and providing that the State shall furnish them with transportation to and from their homes.

☞ Corn will receive more attention from Southern planters than usual, this season, according to present indications.

☞ "FEEL LIKE A NEW PERSON."—A patient, after giving Compound Oxygen a trial, writes: "Headache all gone; good appetite, and can *sleep all night without coughing, a thing I have not been able to do for a year*. I feel like a new person. I can breathe now." Treatise on "Compound Oxygen" sent free. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia Pa.

TRUSTEES' MEETING OF THE NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Boston, Saturday, March 18, 1882.

[Phonographically Reported expressly for the Mass Ploughman.]

Pursuant to a call regularly issued by Secretary Needham, the Trustees of the New England Agricultural Society held a meeting at the Hall of the Society, 45 Milk St., Boston, on Saturday, March 18th, at ten and one-half o'clock in the forenoon for the purpose of considering the location of the New England Fair of 1882. All the Vice Presidents were present with the exception of Geo. Campbell of Vermont, who was detained by serious illness. The Trustees were also out in full force from all the New England States.

EX GOV. E. H. HYDE, of Connecticut, was elected to preside over the meeting.

MR. CHARLES B. PRATT, of Worcester, suggested that the order of business would be, first, to decide where the Fair will be held next fall; and second, to prepare the premium list.

Col. ALEXANDER WARNER, of Connecticut, concurred with Mr. Pratt, and also suggested that any invitations to the New England Agricultural Society to hold their Fair in different places in New England be presented in order that action might be taken concerning them.

In the absence of the Secretary, Hon. Daniel Needham, Mr. Noyes of the *Ploughman* was called upon to read a letter of invitation from the Worcester Agricultural Society, dated March 13th, 1882, and also a proposition which they made to the New England Society, November 29th, 1881, concerning holding the next Fair at Worcester; also several letters from the Vermont Agricultural Society with reference to the Fair being held in Vermont.

Col. WARNER stated that while there was an invitation from Vermont, there was a definite proposition from Worcester, that the next Fair be held there upon the same terms as the last one, and he wanted to know if the conditions of last year were satisfactory to the officers of the New England Society.

Col. Geo. W. RIDDLE, of New Hampshire, stated that there was no fault to be found with the Worcester Society, but on the other hand the New England Society are under great obligations to them for what they have done. The New England Society has held its Fair there for four years, and there seems to be a feeling outside that the New England Society is getting localized, and its fair ought to be held somewhere else at least for one year. He stated that the Fair ground at Worcester is in good condition, and the Fair can be held there cheaper by thousands of dollars, but there is getting to be a sameness in the Fairs which is undesirable. While there is nothing but the best of feeling between the Worcester people, it seems best to many that the Fair should be held elsewhere.

MR. PRATT stated that there was really but one proposition before the meeting, that from the Worcester Society, and that the time for selecting the location of the next Fair had fully arrived, in order that the people interested might prepare for it. He also stated that on account of the Worcester Fair grounds being in such excellent condition, together with a strong feeling which existed in Connecticut and Rhode Island as well as in Worcester, he thought it for the interest of the New England Society that their Fair should be held there again; not for the sake of the Worcester Society, for personally he would be glad to be relieved from the labor.

MR. O. B. HADWEN stated that he had specially endeavored to make the exhibitions in the rink at Worcester a different one from the other each succeeding year, and that each exhibition had been a financial success. Society has grown in all lines of building are more complete now than ever before, and the people have become better acquainted with what is needed to make an interesting exhibition. The New England Society can do more than any other to put Worcester the present year. It is centrally located, having railroad connections with all parts of New England, and abundant hotel accommodations, while Worcester has the best facilities for going to and from the Fair ground were unequalled elsewhere. Besides this, the people of Worcester desire to have the Fair held there, feeling a special interest in the success of the New England Society. For those reasons Mr. Hadwen thought the Fair of the New England Society should be held in Worcester the coming season.

Col. NEEDHAM, having arrived, said that the executive officers, as far as he had consulted in this matter, thought best to refer the matter of locating the next Fair to this meeting. He had expected to see a representative of the Vermont Agricultural Society here, but there appeared to be none present. He also stated that it still remained to select Worcester as the place for the next Fair, there being no other invitation to the meeting. The Worcester Society expressed it want the Fair, and it is good policy for the Society to go where it is wanted. When we have crowded ourselves upon a community, or gone where there was a strong desire for us to come, the result has not been favorable. As a member of the executive committee, he felt free to say that the present outlook influenced him, as to the location of the Fair of 1882 again in the city of Worcester.

MR. WM. E. BARRETT, of Rhode Island, thought it would be well to break away from such a city as Worcester, where the Society had received such excellent attention. Yet inasmuch as the Vermont Society had expressed a desire to have the Fair in that State, he thought it might be well to adjourn this meeting for a few days, and give Vermont a chance, reserving Worcester to fall back upon, (if the Vermont Society should allow them to do so) if they failed to make arrangements with the Vermont Society.

MR. WARNER thought a lengthy discussion of the matter unnecessary. Ample accommodations exist in Worcester in all respects, and he favored Worcester in preference to any other place. Mr. Warner moved that the Board of Trustees recommend to the Executive Officers that the next Exhibition be held in Worcester, which motion was seconded.

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Mr. HADWEN thought the condition of affairs was this, a choice between a certainty and uncertainty, and he was always in favor of a certainty over an uncertainty. At Worcester everything is all ready for the Fair, and inasmuch as the Worcester Society has sent in its invitation, and there is no other invitation here, it seemed to him that was a good and sufficient reason for the acceptance of the invitation from the Worcester Society. Mr. Hadwen also said that the cattle pens and other arrangements of the Fair ground had been left intact since last year, in the expectation that the Society would come there this year.

Mr. LEANDER WETHERELL, of Boston, thought the invitation of the Worcester Society should be accepted, as it would place the Society in an awkward position if they rejected this invitation and then received none from anywhere else.

Gov. SMITH, of New Hampshire, said if there had been an invitation to go to Lowell, he would have voted to accept it rather than that of the Worcester Society, in view of the remarks that had been made. He acknowledged that the Worcester Society had given perfect satisfaction in its dealings with the New England Society, and held out every inducement for them to come again, but when he was visiting among his friends he thought it a good plan to go away while they wanted him to stay, and so he would like to have the Society go elsewhere for once, so that they might not wear out their welcome; not because he had any fault to find with Worcester. Still, as there was no other invitation, he would favor accepting that from Worcester, but he thought that the Worcester Society would hold back a little and let somebody else invite the New England Society, because if the Worcester Society make a proposition nobody else will dare to.

The motion to recommend the executive officers to hold the next Fair in Worcester was then unanimously adopted.

Mr. WARE moved that a vote of thanks be tendered the Vermont State Agricultural Society for their invitation, which was carried.

It was also voted that the treasurer be instructed to provide a dinner for the trustees present at this meeting.

An informal discussion was then indulged in concerning the revision of the premium list. Mr. Estabrook thought it would be well to have the entries closed in season to publish them with the premium list. Col. Warner thought that would be well with regard to live stock and farming implements, but that the time for entering flowers, fruit, and vegetables should be extended up to the time of the Fair. Mr. Barrett favored closing the entries for all live stock one month before the Fair opened, and the closing of entries for flowers, fruits, &c., on the first morning of the Fair. These suggestions were discussed for some time longer, and finally a motion was made by Mr. Hadwen that the entries on all live stock close on the 15th day of August, which was adopted. Mr. Barrett then moved that entries of all other articles excepting live stock be closed the Saturday previous to the opening of the Fair. After considerable discussion this motion was adopted.

On motion of Col. Riddle the secretary was instructed to have the premium list ready for delivery on the 1st day of June. On motion of Mr. Brown it was voted that as soon as possible after the 15th of August a pamphlet be issued containing a list of all the fair ought to be held somewhere else at least for one year. He stated that the Fair ground at Worcester is in good condition, and the Fair can be held there cheaper by thousands of dollars, but there is getting to be a sameness in the Fairs which is undesirable. While there is nothing but the best of feeling between the Worcester people, it seems best to many that the Fair should be held elsewhere.

Mr. PRATT stated that there was really but one proposition before the meeting, that from the Worcester Society, and that the time for selecting the location of the next Fair had fully arrived, in order that the people interested might prepare for it. He also stated that on account of the Worcester Fair grounds being in such excellent condition, together with a strong feeling which existed in Connecticut and Rhode Island as well as in Worcester, he thought it for the interest of the New England Society that their Fair should be held there again; not for the sake of the Worcester Society, for personally he would be glad to be relieved from the labor.

Mr. O. B. HADWEN stated that he had specially endeavored to make the exhibitions in the rink at Worcester a different one from the other each succeeding year, and that each exhibition had been a financial success. Society has grown in all lines of building are more complete now than ever before, and the people have become better acquainted with what is needed to make an interesting exhibition. The New England Society can do more than any other to put Worcester the present year. It is centrally located, having railroad connections with all parts of New England, and abundant hotel accommodations, while Worcester has the best facilities for going to and from the Fair ground were unequalled elsewhere. Besides this, the people of Worcester desire to have the Fair held there, feeling a special interest in the success of the New England Society. For those reasons Mr. Hadwen thought the Fair of the New England Society should be held in Worcester the coming season.

Col. NEEDHAM, having arrived, said that the executive officers, as far as he had consulted in this matter, thought best to refer the matter of locating the next Fair to this meeting. He had expected to see a representative of the Vermont Agricultural Society here, but there appeared to be none present. He also stated that it still remained to select Worcester as the place for the next Fair, there being no other invitation to the meeting. The Worcester Society expressed it want the Fair, and it is good policy for the Society to go where it is wanted. When we have crowded ourselves upon a community, or gone where there was a strong desire for us to come, the result has not been favorable. As a member of the executive committee, he felt free to say that the present outlook influenced him, as to the location of the Fair of 1882 again in the city of Worcester.

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— The restoration of the franking privilege to members of Congress is very properly criticised by the press with severity, it being a privilege so very liable to abuse.

— March has been true to all its traditions as a month, this year. For variety of weather it could not very well be surpassed.

— Sanding cotton has become even a worse nuisance to the English spinners than using it by the English manufacturers themselves has become to the Chinese and other Eastern consumers.

— Progress is slow on the Panama Canal, and it is even openly asserted that no canal is really being constructed.

Domestic Markets.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

Flour.—The wheat market at Chicago has advanced, the close being at 1c higher. Spring wheat is quoted nominally as follows: Fine at $3 75 @4 00 per bbl; superfine at $4 25@4 75 ⅌ bbl; common extras at $5 00@6 75; choice extras at $6 50; Canada superior at $6 25@6 25; Minnesota bakers' at $7 25@7 50 ⅌ bbl; Ohio and Indiana at $6 75@7 25; Michigan at $6 50@6 75 ⅌ bbl; St. Louis and Southern Illinois at $7 00 @7 50; choice Minnesota and Wisconsin spring wheat patents at $8 25@8 75, with some fancy brands held at $9 00, and winter wheat patents at $7 50@8 00 ⅌ bbl. Corn meal is dull and quiet at $3 10@3 15 ⅌ bbl, with rye flour dull and easy at $5 25@5 50 ⅌ bbl in a small way. Oatmeal is quiet and steady at $6 50 ⅌ bbl for fine and $7 00@7 25 ⅌ bbl for coarse.

Corn.—Market dull, with prices nominally the same. We quote as follows: Old high mixed at 81(@82c ⅌ bush asked; No. 2 mixed and yellow at 80c asked, and good no grade at 79 @80c, according to quality and location.

Oats.—We quote nominally as follows: Extra white and barley oats at 61(@62c ⅌ bush; No. 1 white at 60(@61c; No. 2 white at 57(@58c; No. 3 white at 57@54c, No. 2 mixed at 55(@56c ⅌ bush.

Bran.—Market firm, with prices very strong. We quote spring and winter wheat at $23 00@ 24 00 ⅌ ton, and middlings at $25 00@27 00 ⅌ ton. Cotton seed meal continues steady at $29 00 @30 00 ⅌ ton by the carload for the best goods.

Rye.—Continues quiet at nominally $1 00 ⅌ bush in a small way.

Beans.—Market dull. We quote nominally as follows: Choice hand-picked pea beans at $3 60@3 65; screened at $3 40@3 55; medium screened are at $3 00@3 35, and hand-picked at $3 55@3 60 for the best. Yellow eyes range from low eyes at $3 10@3 15; old-fashioned yellow eyes at $3 00@3 10, and red kidneys at $2 85@ 3 00 for the best. Wholesale lots of choice Japan are held at $6 50@6 75 ⅌ bbl, with green peas at $1 50@1 75 ⅌ bush for choice and Scotch at $1 40@1 45.

Seeds.—Market active. Red-top has advanced slightly. We quote Western timothy at $2 70@2 80 ⅌ bush; Northern at $2 90@3 10 ⅌ bush; Western clover seed at 12@13c ⅌ lb for large; fancy Palermo or Messina oranges command $4 50@5 50 ⅌ box. Aspinwall bananas are selling at $2 50@3 50 per bunch, and Malaga grapes are in scarce at $8 00@10 00 ⅌ bbl for common, with bilgrade heavy-weight goods at $10@15.

Poultry.—Prices of choice stock are firm. We quote choice prime quail at $3 50@4 00 ⅌ doz, and grouse dull at 1 00@$1 05 ⅌ pair. Pigeons at $2 50@3 00 ⅌ dozen. Mallard ducks at 30@ 40; black at 80c, and tame ducks at 15@18c. Choice turkeys are in moderate supply at 18@ 18c; common to good at 14@15c, with choice Western frozen chickens at 14@16c ⅌ lb, and common to good at 11@12c; mixed lots of frozen chickens and fowls at 10@12c; old roosters at 10 @12c; choice Western frozen turkeys at 16@17c, with common to good at 14@15 ; Western geese at 9@10c, fancy bigger. Philadelphia squabs are at $4 00@4 50 ⅌ doz.

Truck.—We quote cranberries at $13@14 for Cape and $10@11 ⅌ bbl for country fruit. Onions at $2 00@2 50 ⅌ bbl; choice yellows at $3 00@3 50 ⅌ bbl; common and second quality white flat turnips, $2 00@2 50 ⅌ bbl; Hubbard squash at $4 00@5 00; marrow at $4 50; lettuce at 50@75c ⅌ doz; beets $1 25 ⅌ bush; cucumbers at 20@25c each; parsley at $1 50 @2 00, and spinach at $1 25 bush; dandelion greens at $1 25@1 50 ⅌ bush; kale at $1 50@1 75 ⅌ bbl; radishes at 60@1 25 ⅌ doz; rhubarb at $1 ⅌ doz; mushrooms, fresh, at $1 per lb.

Potatoes.—Prices of some descriptions are lower. We quote as follows: Aroostook Rose at $1 05@1 10; Northern Rose $0 95@1 00; Prolific at 85@90c; Early Vermont at 85@90c ⅌ bush; Jacksons at 70@75c; White Brooks at 70@75c, and Davis seedlings at 90c ⅌ bush; Cluenangoes at 70@75c, and Burpees at 60@65c ⅌ bush. Sweets continue at $5 50 per bbl for Jersey stock.

Hay.—Prices for stock in good condition are well sustained. We quote choice prime hay at $20@21 ⅌ ton; medium and ordinary hay at $16@19 ⅌ ton; poor at $13@14, with Eastern sold at $10; rye straw at $17@20, and oat straw at $11 @12 ⅌ ton.

BOSTON PROVISION MARKET.

Pork.—Trade light, and the export inquiry limited. We quote job lots long cut at $20 00@ 20 50 ⅌ bbl; short cut at $20 50@21 00; backs at $21 00@21 50; lean ends at $19 00@19 50; mess at $18 00@18 50, and extra prime at 16 00@16 50. Lard is at 11(@11¾c in tierces; 11¾@12c in 10-lb pails; 12¼@12c in 5-lb pails, and 12¾@13c in 3-lb pails. Smoked hams are at 11(@11¾c per lb, in the pickle, and shoulders at 8½@9c. Sausages at $10; rye straw at $17@20, and oat straw at $11 @12 ⅌ ton.

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BOSTON WOOL MARKET.

The market for wool continues quiet. A fair average business has been done, but manufacturers appear to be indifferent about future supplies, and holders are not disposed to urge sales at concessions. Fine fleece, if anything, are easier, and the same time the demand runs on fine wools, and the foreign advices are very favorable for this description, a l lots offering at the London sales commanding full prices. The sales of the week include 2,000,000 lbs of all grades and qualities prices ranging from 43@ 44c for X and XX Ohio and Pennsylvania; 43c for XX and above, and 41c for round lots, as it runs, including all grades; Michigan and Wisconsin X fleeces at 40@43c, but mostly at 41@ 42c ⅌ lb for good average lots of X. No. 1 fleeces are selling at 46@48c, including Michigan, Wisconsin and Ohio. Combing and delaine fleeces are steady and in fair demand, with sales at 46@60c for fine delaine and fine and medium. Unwashed combing is dull and hard to sell except at low prices, as most of the stock on hand is undesirable. Kentucky ranges from 29@31c ⅌ lb, the latter an outside price. In unwashed fleeces the sales have been at 19@22½c for low coarse; 25@32c for fine, and 25@36c for medium, including choice selections. Pulled wools are in fair demand, and choice lots are scarce and wanted. Sales of choice Eastern and Maine at 45@52½c, and common and good supers

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Will and Testament of said deceased,
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FFER, who prays that letters
be issued to him, the executor
nd that he may be exempt from
sureties on his bond pursuant to
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Tuesday of March inst. at nine
n, to show cause, if any you have,
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d, by publishing this citation once a
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dication to be two days, at least,
M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of
fifth day of March in the year one
ndred and eighty-two.
J. H. TYLER, Register.

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BEEF, &c.

23@28	Beef Liver.....	7@8	
22@23	Beef Tongue.....	13@14	
12@20	Corned Beef.....	12@12	
18@20	Smoked Beef.....	15@22	
10@12	Beef Tongue, salt.	12@14	

k, Lard, &c.

11@12	Smoked Should's.	9@10
11@12	Smoked Ribs.....	6@9
11@12	Sausages.....	12@12
8@9	Pigs' Feet.....	4@5
10@12	Lard, leaf.....	10@14

and Mutton.

11@12	Mutton, S.	10@20
10@14	Mutton, shoulr.	10@12
9@17	Sp'g Lamb, h.	20@30

ry, Game, &c.

25@30	Pigeons, wild, doz....	60@
50@	Philadel. squabs	4.50@5.00
50@1.25	Widgeon, pair &	75@
1.25@	Teal, ♥ pair..	75@
1.25@2.50	Snipe, dozen..	3.00@4.50
2.50@3.00	Peep, dozen..	50@
2.50@3.00	Brant, ♥ pair.	1.50@2.00
3.00@4.00	Yellow Legs,doz.	2.00@
1.50@	Plover, dozen.	75@
1.50@	Rabbits, each..	15@
1.50@	Gunison, ♥ lb..	25@
4.50@5.00	Antelope.....	8@
3.00@4.00	Pigs, roasting.	3.00@4.00
3.00@	Pk.	3.00@

er, Cheese, &c.

12@17	Fair to good do..	12@17
11@14	Farm.....	11@14
	EGGS.	
@25	Cape.....	@25
@22	Eastern.....	@22
@22	Northern.....	@22
22@26	Western.....	22@26
20@22	Cape.....	20@22

and Vegetables.

@ 5.00	Jackson...	2.50@3.00
@ 6	Onions, bu.	3.00@3.00
@ 6	Beans, white,dry,pk	87@1.00
18@ 20	Medium, bu.	3.75@4.00
18@ 20	Pea, bu.	3.75@
@ 3.00	Squashes, cwt.	@
@ 3.50	Hubbard	90.00@1.00
@	Squashes, bbl	90.00@1.00
@	Marrow...	40@50
@	♥ ton.....	10.00@15.00
@	Quinces, bbl	@
@	Pickles, bbl..	10.00@15.00
@	Cucumber..	40@50
@ 3.00	Limes.....	2.00@3.00
@		1.50@2.00
@		2.00@3.00
@		2.00@3.00
@		4.00@5.00
@		2.50@3.00
@		3.00@4.00
@		1.00@1.50
@		75@1.00
@		1.00@1.25
@		1.00@1.25
@		1.00@1.25

The Poet's Corner.

"ERIN."

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

"Come, sing a new song to her here while we listen!"
They cry to her sons who sing.
And one sings: "Mavourneen, it makes the eyes glisten
To think how the sorrows cling,
Like clouds on your mountains, wreathing
Their green to a weeping gray."
And the barb with his passionate breathing
Has no other sweet word to say.

"Come, sing a new song!" and their eyes while they're speaking,
Are dreaming of far off things:
And their hearts are away for the old words seeking,
Unheeding of him who sings.

But he smiles and sings on, for the sound so slender
Has reached to the deep, he knows;
And the heart poem stirred by the word so tender
Like a stream from the well-spring flows.

And he says in his song: "*Odhar dheelish!* the tearful!
She's ready to laugh when she sighs;"
And they sob when they hear! "Sure she's sad when she's cheerful;
And she smiles with the tears in her eyes."

And he asks them: "What need of new poets to praise her?"
Her harpers still sing in the past:
And her first sweet old melodies comfort and raise her
To joys never reached by her last.

And what need of new hero, with Brian? or preacher,
With Patrick? or soldier, with Conn?
With her dark Ollamh Fohla, what need of a teacher,
Sage, ruler and builder in one?

What need of new lovers with Deirdre and Imer?
With wonders and visions and elves;
Sure no need at all has romancer or rhymer
When the Fairies belong to ourselves.

What need of need tongues? sure the Gaelic is clearest,
Like nature's own voice every word:
"*Akagur! Acushla! Suvournseen!*" the dearest
The oar of a girl ever heard.

They may talk of new *causes! dhar Dhia!* our old one
Is fresher than ever to-day!
Like old Erin's green sod that is steaming to God
The blood it has drank in the fray.

They have scattered her seed, with her love and hate in it,
And the harvest has come to her here;
Her crown still remains for the strong heart to win it,
And the hour of acceptance is near.

Through ages of warfare and famine and prison
Her voice and her spirit were free;
But the longest night ends, and her name has uprisen;
The Sunburst is red on the sea!

What need of new songs? When his country is singing
What word has the Poet to say
But to drink her a toast while the joybells are ringing
The dawn of her opening day!

"O, Bride of the Sea! may the world know your laughter
As well as it knows your fears!
As your past was for Freedom, so be your here-after,
And they' all your fruitful years.

May no weak race be wronged and no strong robber feared,
To oppressors grow hateful, to slaves more endeared;
Till the world comes to know that the test of a Cause
Is the hatred of tyrants with Erin's applause!"

Ladies' Department.

THE LAME DOCTOR.

We fell in with Count Otto Laurowski at Spezzia on the Eastern Riviera. He was a fine, tall man, with a well-trimmed, fair beard, and deeply-set, violet, melancholy-looking eyes; just the sort of person to turn the head of a school-girl. My wife, it is true, could no longer claim a place in the category of "bread-and-butter misses," but she was immensely charmed with him. She declared him to be a most gentlemanly and accomplished man. Personally, I had my doubts about the fellow. He described himself as a Pole, and talked, with a kind of sob in his voice, about the misfortunes of his country. He had fought against the tyranny of the Czar; he had suffered exile and imprisonment; he had aided the Italians to throw off the Austrian yoke by taking part in Garibaldi's campaigns; in fact, according to his own account, there were few things in the way of chivalry and heroism with which he had not somehow been connected.

Not that he boasted of his achievements in a coarse, bragging fashion; they came out simply and naturally, one by one, in the course of conversation. My wife, too, was greatly impressed by the notion of his being a Count, and the last unmarried scion of a terribly ancient family. Heaven only knows when the first Laurowski saw light, but it was long before the first year of our Lord. Still, to my mind, there was something "fishy" about him. He was always extremely well and carefully dressed—I never knew his feet to be out of smart patent-leather boots—and he sang queer outlandish songs in a superior style, being gifted with an agreeable tenor voice. He also played billiards with superior skill—far too superior a skill, as I knew to my cost. We began by knocking the balls about purely for the sake of the game, but he generally contrived to put a little "interest" on it, just a few napoleons, to cause a little excitement; and he generally won, after deluding me into the insane belief that I had only to get another stroke to win victory.

"The Count is going on to San Remo," said my wife to me one morning, as we sat at the breakfast table in the Hotel d'Italie.

"San Remo; that isn't far from Monaco, where that wicked gambling-house is."

"Oh, Tom! I should like to go there above all things! Do take me! I am tired of this place, and the mud baths don't seem to be doing me a bit of good."

I could quite believe this last statement, for I did not put much credence in the efficacy of bodily ablution in thick, dirty-looking water, on the part of a person, whose health being excellent, required no treatment of any sort. But going on to San Remo, or, indeed, anywhere except back to our country home in England, was rather out of my programme. November was drawing nigh, and I could not think of the fields being in stubble without yearning for a ride with the hounds.

"You know, my dear, we are due home in a fortnight," I answered, in my most conciliatory tone.

"Oh, bother! There is no necessity to go back this winter, or just yet, at all events. Oh, Tom, dear! I do so long to see what a real gambling-house is like. You will take me, won't you?"

When a wife, not ordinarily given to complete submissiveness, attacks one in an imploring tone, all resistance is at an end. I sighed and yielded, consoling myself with the reflection that after all I was getting old, and rode fourteen stone, and that a man who rides fourteen stone is guilty of cruelty to animals if he insists upon going hunting.

"San Remo be it," I said, affecting a gaiety I was in reality far from feeling. "I'll go and ask Laurowski all about the place, the best hotel, and so forth.

I did go and ask Laurowski. The Count was delighted at the idea of not parting from us, and proffered his services as guide and mentor with effusion.

"My dear Monsieur," he remarked, "you and madame will like San Remo very, very much. It is sheltered, it is warm, it is the best place to spend your winters in, and it is not too expensive."

The Count, among his other virtues, spoke a pretty, broken English, and as he also seemed to be acquainted with every other living language under the sun, he was of immense use to me, who found the simplest French sentence a puzzling exercise.

"It is in easy *voitainage* to Monaco," he continued, "and quite a neighbor to Mentone and Roccabruna. Poland is dead; Garibaldi is asleep at Caprera; I must have excitement, so I go to the gambling-table."

Mr. "Where you'll pick up a few hundred pounds, I'll be bound," I mentally added, taking care, however, not to express my my thoughts aloud.

It was arranged that we should start the day after the morrow, and we carried out our arrangement without hindrance. San Remo was reached in due time, and acting on Laurowski's advice we put up at the Grand Hotel.

I liked the place very well—better than I anticipated. The Count had spoken the truth. San Remo was protected by an unbroken chain of mountains, and its climate was of the mildest. Flowers were still in bloom, and there was a grateful abundance of citron and lemon trees. Since conjugal devotion denied England to me, I felt I could be as happy here as anywhere else.

The hotel, too, was comfortable and nicely situated, and had I been permitted to gratify my inclination toward drinking beer at my dinner, I should have been still more comfortable. Etiquette, however, vetoed such a breach of good manners at a fashionable table d'hote; and I was fain to quench my thirst with indifferent wine at unheard-of prices. Nevertheless, the omniscient Laurowski succeeded in discovering a certain *vallellina* vintage, which tickled agreeably my palate, and was not too expensive, so that, to my wife's intense satisfaction, I began to grumble a little less.

We also made acquaintances, and were no longer wholly dependent upon the Count for company. The head waiter of the Grand Hotel—with the well-authenticated asgacity of head-waiters in general—arranged our seats at the dinner table so as to face those of a couple of Americans, a lady and gentleman, and father and daughter, as soon found out.

The old gentleman—though, for the matter of that, he was not particularly old, being about my own age—was a tall, lean man of distinguished appearance. His daughter was a pretty girl of the dashing American type. She changed her dress—or seemed to me to change it—every two hours, and where she managed to get all her variety of costumes from, or how she contrived to carry such an extensive wardrobe about with her from place to place was a mystery as deep as any of the Eleusinian.

Their name was Rogers—John Newby Rogers, "Amurcan" citizen, and Clara Rogers,—and they had crossed the Atlantic from their native home, Boston, Mass., for the purpose of "doing" Europe. Lord! how they had "done" it too! In a fortnight they had traversed Germany and seen all that was worth seeing. Paris had been the work of twenty-four hours, and three weeks had familiarized them with Italy, from its geographical toe to its geographical heel. They were now resting—or I should rather say panting—at San Remo, where they proposed to winter before invading England in the spring, and interviewing the "Britisher." I was told that Mr. Rogers was a man of unlimited means, and his daughter—an only child—therefore an heiress. Laurowski pricked up his ears when he heard the information, and immediately adjourned to the next looking-glass on a mission of personal inspection. I never saw a man make such frantic attempts to prove agreeable as he did that day at dinner, and the worst of it was, too, that he succeeded. Miss Rogers seemed charmed with him, as indeed what girl would not with a man boasting of such a pair of eyes, such a trim beard and such courteous ways?"

"Those Americaines are very fine people—very fine peoples," said the Count to me later in the evening, as we lounged into the smoking-room. "They are so bright, so comprehensive, so large-minded."

"So large pursed," I felt inclined to say, only I refrained out of politeness. "The girl will be a good catch in the marriage market," I, however, remarked, not being able to resist the temptation.

The Count looked at me suspiciously out of the curves of his deep, lustrous orbs, and ended by indulging in a little musical laugh.

"I have observed," he said, "that these fair Americaines are not your young men call 'up to snuff.' No, no, depend upon it, my good, estimable sir, Miss Rogers will be like them all—not so easily caught."

For the young lady's sake I inwardly hoped not. The subject was then dropped, and we talked of other things. The evening ended, as it often did, by Laurowski suggesting a little *partie* at billiards, and by my being good-naturedly fleeced.

But the Count got soon to be sparing of his society. He deserted me and the smoking-room for the drawing-room, and devoted himself altogether to the American heiress. He sang, he played, talked of Poland, Garibaldi, Gaeta; artfully brought up the subject of his ancestors, and, in a few words, made the most of himself. He rolled his large, melancholy eyes about despondingly, stroked his silky beard thoughtfully, put himself into plastic and graceful attitudes, and was generally lover-like, though at the same time exceedingly respectful and knightly. I could see that he made a favorable impression upon the girl, that she thought him good looking, and enjoyed his conversation, which, to give him credit, was certainly entertaining.

My wife entered into the spirit of the thing with the enthusiasm of cheerful motherly ladies of a certain age.

"The Count seems much struck by Miss Rogers," she said to me one day.

"Yes, I have noticed his little game," I answered, putting on my most knowing and cynical smile.

"His little game! What do you mean, Tom?" retorted my wife, indignantly.

"What do I mean, my dear? Why, nothing, only that Miss Rogers is said to be worth a plum."

"Well, supposing she is! So much the better. I dare say the Count is well off too. Why shouldn't he marry her? She is a very nice girl, I'm sure."

"She is," I replied, having no sort of objection to make to the statement.

"Poor man!" continued my wife, in a sentimental strain; "how tired he must be of wandering about alone. I should like to see him settled, with a good little girl like Clara Rogers to take care of him."

I thought Laurowski fully capable of taking entire charge of himself without any extraneous help. But it is a trick of mine to be constantly making reflections without giving expression to them.

The Count, however, was not going to have it all his own way. Somebody else appeared on the scene to make a "flank attack," and this somebody was Doctor Christopher Hansen.

The first I heard of the Doctor was at the dinner table, and from Miss Rogers herself.

"I have had quite an adventure to-day," she said to us all, in her fresh, smiling way. "An adventure!" exclaimed Laurowski. "Tell us, I beg you, mademoiselle; I am delirous for adventures."

"I was coming down stairs," she related, "when I heard a terrible crash of something falling. I looked, and saw it was—what do you think, now?"

"Not all of us hazarded the most absurd guesses, the worst of them coming from yours truly, who thought fit to ask whether the prostrate object was a lady's *chignon*. [N. B.—I made the suggestion regardless of a certain person's most majestic frown.]

"It was a crutch," continued Miss Rogers, "a big, heavy crutch, and the owner of it, a poor fellow, was at the top of the stairs clinging to the balusters in despair. I ran down with all speed, caught it up, and brought it back to him. You should have seen the look of gratitude he gave me! I think it took away his power of speech, for he bowed very low, but said nothing."

We were all rather curious to know who the stranger could be. A military-looking personage, wearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, who sat close by us, volunteered the information.

"That gentleman," he said, "was Dr. Hansen, one of the bravest and best surgeons in the French army. He was at Saatbruck, at Sedan, everywhere, in fact, where a cool head and unerring hand could be of service. A few years ago he was as straight and as nimble as any of us here. He was lamed for life whilst he performed his duty to the wounded, under Prussian shell. He is an Englishman, and you may be proud of such a countryman."

This intelligence, imparted to us in a grave and almost stern manner, produced a feeling of respectful interest in the Doctor. We learned, too, that his misfortune had rendered him extremely shy and reserved—especially where women were concerned—and that he never, on any account, would consent to take his meals at the public table d'hote.

I, however, as a fellow Englishman, succeeded in routing him out and making him a bit more sociable. I found him be a gentleman to his finger nails, exceedingly well read and as modest as he was accomplished. He let me understand that he admired Miss Rogers very much, and that her delicate behavior to him in the matter of the crutch had impressed him with an idea of her goodness of heart. He seemed also somewhat curious about Laurowski and the attentions he appeared to pay the young American heiress. I fancied him as doubtful about the Count as I was myself.

Mr. Rogers and the doctor got on capitally. The American made the study of botany his hobby, and would scale the heights of Monte Bignone and its chain of hills in search of rare plants. Dr. Hansen, whose knowledge of the science was of no mean order, would help to classify them, and I could see that his companionship afforded Mr. Rogers an extreme pleasure. With Miss Rogers, though, always courteous, he was shy and distant to a painful degree. She was ever civil and pleasant to him, but he seemed somehow dreadfully conscious of his lameness, as though, indeed, his being a cripple made him a social leper, ill-fitted for the society of pretty girls.

Nevertheless we forced him, willy-nilly, to make one of our circle in the drawing-room of an evening. There he would sit with his ponderous crutch by his side, moodily watching the Count, who hung about Miss Rogers and monopolised her in an audacious fashion, while my wife, evidently bent upon making a match between those two, helped him by means of every possible womanly astuteness. On one occasion the Doctor's friend—he of the Legion of Honor—having informed us that Hansen was a skilled musician, nothing would content us until we had compelled him to sit down and sing. After a good deal of pressing he consented, and sang one or two good old-fashioned English ditties in a fine baritone voice, powerful enough, yet so completely under control as to subside down at his will to a whisper or a tear. It was something very different to Laurowski's emasculated sentimental rubbish, and pleased us hugely. Miss Rogers turned round quite moved, and looked at the little lame doctor as though he had revealed himself to her in quite a different light; and the Count bit his lip through envy and vexation.

There was certainly no love lost between Laurowski and Dr. Hansen. The Count, tall and handsome as he was, was afraid of the lame man, with the keen gray eyes and the skeptical smile. He never ventured to talk about his campaigns with Garibaldi in Hansen's presence. He did so once, made some blunder, was put right by the Doctor in a modest, delicate fashion, and, after that, kept his narratives for occasions when Hansen wasn't by. Hansen knew too much; he also had seen a good deal of war, and it wasn't safe to talk before him.

Under the escort of the Count we all made an excursion to Monaco. Laurowski was evidently well known in the gambling saloon. The *croupier* nodded to him, and asked him slyly if he had come to break the bank, and several *habitues* of the place claimed him as an acquaintance. I never saw a man alter so much as the Count did as soon as he got near the green baize. His handsome face acquired an expression of greed which I thought downright fiendish, and which made him look like a Jew broker haggling with one of his kind. He got feverish and excited, and was certainly no longer the melancholy, romantic person of the drawing-rooms.

That night, too, he was not in a happy vein. My wife and I staked a few napoleons on rouge et noir, just for the fun of the thing, and, having lost, gracefully retired into the humble capacity of spectators. Miss Rogers also put timidly a gold piece or two on the game of chance and won. She doubled, trebled, and ultimately swamped her gains, when she stopped, handling her gold triumphantly, and declaring that every penny of it should go to the poor of St. Remo. The interest of the evening, was concentrated upon Laurowski and the Doctor, who plunged recklessly into the gambling vortex.

Hansen cool and collected, threw his money down with the indifference of a man who cares not a straw whether he win or lose. The Count seemed to have some system of his own, and watched, with ill-disguised anxiety, the results of his play. Fortune slightly in his favor at first, completely deserted him, and he went on losing and losing considerably, becoming pale with suppressed rage every moment. The Doctor, on the other hand, kept on winning, and piled up napoleons by his side in hillocks. His luck had, however, no visible effect upon him, and he provoked the admiration of every one present by the superb contempt with which he received the smiles of the fickle dame.

In the end Laurowski gave up the struggle with a ferocious sigh; I suppose he had no more money to stake.

"You are a *beau joueur*," he said, with something like a sneer, to the Doctor; "you are not a poor, misfortunate fellow like myself.

"You can't expect everything, you know," retorted Hansen, with a humorous twinkle in his gray eyes. "Lucky in love; unlucky at play—that is the order of things." Then, sweeping up his substantial winnings, he presented them, with a bow, to Miss Rogers.

"For your poor," he said.

It was an evening of triumph for the Doctor. It was impossible for the young American heiress who was really a nice, sensible girl, not to be struck by Hansen's immense superiority over the Count; yet there was no perceptible change in her conduct. She still suffered Laurowski to pay her devoted attentions, and the Doctor continued to keep modestly in the background; but that he was more than merely interested in her I know, for he as good as told me so.

"Who is this Laurowski?" he asked me one day, as we got alone together; "does any one know anything about him?"

"I don't," was my answer. "I met him at Spezzia. He has estates in Poland, or Siberia, or somewhere, I believe."

"Ah," replied Hansen. "Will they marry, do you think?" he remarked, after a pause.

"Women are tiddles," I observed sagely; "and I never attempt to guess riddles."

"The fact is," he said, "that I admire Miss Rogers very much; I should like to feel sure that the man she loved was in every way worthy of her."

He had an opportuniey of testing matters, so far as Laurowski was concerned. The Count, who, I fancy, from a certain gloom which had spread over him, had not found Monaco highly profitable of late, proposed one night a little game of cards. I excused myself on the plea of being no player; but Hansen, to my surprise—I knew him to be no gambler—consented, and the French officer, his friend, agreed to make a third.

They played, and the affair ended in a scene. It was simply this: Laurowski, who seemed to have gone to work in good earnest, and won largely, was detected by the keen-eyed doctor with a card up his sleeve. There could be no mistake, and Hansen quickly flung the remainder of the pack in the Count's face and called him a sharper.

Laurowski turned livid. We thought he was going to spring upon the little lame man, and held him back. The Doctor's friend then interfered.

"We two are witnesses that Monsieur Hansen is right," he said, to me, with admirable coolness. "Let there be no noise. This is scarcely a case for satisfaction; duels are fought with gentlemen, and not with swindlers. Monsieur here will leave the town, that is all, or we shall be put to the pain of exposing him."

This seemed to me to be a perfectly sensible arrangement. I was not greatly surprised at the Count's conduct; it was consistent with the general doubts I had formed. I acquiesced, therefore, by a silent nod.

The French officer took out his watch. "Monsieur has ample time to make his preparations for departure. In the morning, early, he will go. By our permission, he may keep what he has won. Our conditions are that he leaves quietly, without scandal."

Laurowski, with thick beads of cold perspiration trickling from his brow, then left the room in a hang-dog fashion.

But it was to be an eventful night. Whilst we were still talking the matter over, there sounded a noise as though the house were falling about our ears, accompanied by shrieks of "Fire! Fire!"

We rushed out. It was quite true; one of the wings of the hotel was in flames. We all scampered off in different directions, I, of course hastened to my wife's room, where, for all I knew to the contrary, she might be lying asleep, unconscious of danger.

There was a tremendous rush, bustle and delirious confusion. Waiters tearing about, chambermaids screaming, men and women staying in the house scrambled into the corridors dressed in all sorts of fantastic costumes, and the whole scene was naturally one of tumult and disorder. I found my little lady in no peril. She had been warned by the noise, was all but ready to leave, and only frightened on my account. We reached the outer grounds in safety and looked round for our friends.

Not one of them was to be seen amongst the crowd. Presently a rumor was passed from mouth to mouth that Miss Rogers was in danger. It was said the room she occupied formed part of the wing attacked by fire. A scratch band of San Remo volunteers had by this time arrived, and were energetically grappling with the flames. In spite of my wife's protestations, I forced my way by sheer strength of elbows through the crowd, with the intention of being of service. My heroism, however, was not put to the test. Before I had even gained the centre of the conflagration I learned that every one was safe, and suddenly out came the tall figure of Laurowski, his face lit up by the light of the fitful greams, bearing in his arms the insensible form of Miss Rogers.

Swindler or no swindler, he was a brave, plucky fellow after all, and had risked his life nobly. Behind him rushed Mr. Rogers, the French officer and a host of excited spectators, but Hansen was not among them. The American girl was laid down and immediately attended to. She had fainted, but was otherwise uninjured.

"Sir, I thank you," said Mr. Rogers to the Count, grasping his hand with deep feel emotion. "My daughter's life is my own; you have saved it; command me in everything."

We were all around Laurowski, watching him with admiration, and many of us cheering him. I freely forgave him his past misdeed. He was the hero of the moment, yet stood silent and mournful.

At last, after apparently undergoing a sharp inward struggle, he spoke:

"You mistake yourself, sir," he said in his broken E-glish; "it was not I who saved Miss Rogers; I simply lifted her from the bottom of the stairs. Doctor Hansen brought her down from her room."

"Dr. Hansen!" we all exclaimed.

"Yes; lame as he is, he was before me, and saved her with—with great courage. He is the hero, not I."

"Where is Hansen?" somebody called out.

A search was immediately made, and the little Doctor was found calmly applying remedies to his badly burned hands and scorched face.

"Miss Rogers is safe?" he asked tranquilly.

"Quite," was answered, "thanks to your bravery."

"Ah! Laurowski has told you?" he remarked, with some surprise; and I heard him add almost inaudibly, "the fellow has some honesty in him after all."

The fire was put out before it could destroy one quarter of the building, and most of us suffered nothing worse than a severe fright. Miss Rogers' nerves were a great deal shaken, and by Dr. Hansen's advice she was ordered complete rest for a day or two, after which she recovered as though nothing had happened.

The Count disappeared, and I have never seen him to this day, though, indeed, I heard of him soon after, on our journey home to England, from a person who knew him better than any of us. It appears that he was not a Count at all, and not even a Laurowski, nor a Pole, but a Hamburg Jew named Abraham Mever, well-known in every European gambling place, and suspected, on several occasions, of tricking at cards. Such was my wife's "most gentlemanly and accomplished man."

Was the American heiress ever informed of the true character of her quondam admirer? I never told her, and I am positive Dr. Hansen observed the same reticence as myself. But my wife, of course, knew, and she was extremely intimate with Miss Rogers. Anyhow, we always studiously avoided the bare mention of his name in our conversations.

Since our return to England we have been visited by Mr. Rogers and Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Hansen. Mrs Hansen was nee Rogers, and she confessed to my wife that from the first she always entertained a secret preference for the little lame man. My wife thinks she was right, and has, moreover, vowed never to believe in another Count so long as she lives.—*Selected.*

THE BLUEBIRD.

BY JESSIE GOODWIN.

First courier of Springtime, the gay bluebird wears
Her sapphire blue livery—her message he bears.

No fire of the oriole, magical gush
Of summer-warm melody, trill of the thrush,

Or nightingale's vespers, the gay bluebirds bring
Not summer's fulfilment, but promise of spring.

He brushes the meadow; "Sweet grasses, grow green!"
He touches the maple; "Adorn for our queen!"

He calls to the flowers: "Come forth, blossoms sweet;
Make ready a pathway for spring's airy feet!"

He cries to the winds: "As she comes from the south,
Breathe air fresh and fragrant as breath from her mouth!"

His wings touch the brooklet; "Her mirror are you,"
The chill water changes to spring's glowing blue.

He flies through the vineyard, he flutters the vine;
The sleeping roots quicken, the buds dream of wine.

He swings in the orchard; "She bringeth a snow
That turns red and gold while the summer suns glow."

He laughs on the lawn; "Here the song-birds shall nest,"
By fountains;—"This walk shall the lovers love best."

He flashes and flies like a meteor blue,
He dappies the sky with its own summer hue.

Blithe courier, he comes ere the cold winter goes
For Queen Springtime comes—where she lingers he knows!

—*Daily Evening Traveller.*

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

About twenty-five years ago, Professor Packard, of Bowdoin College, dined with George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of Washington, at Arlington, his residence. The host talked about the men he was accustomed to meet in his adopted father's household, and among others of Hamilton. The reminiscence, as published in the *Independent*, is as follows:

One of us referred to a portrait of Hamilton in the rooms of the Historical Society of New York as giving the impression of a man of medium size only and not of striking presence. He remarked that he was a small man, with contemptible limbs, but with a grand head, of which the busts give a good idea.

Hamilton, he said, used to laugh at his nether limbs. When asked to dance, he declined, saying that he hadn't legs enough.

When the chief of the Six Nations (Iroquois, etc.) was presented to Washington and his Cabinet and had gone the round of ceremony he was asked what his impressions were. The chief replied,—

"There is your Great Father (Washington). Everybody know he is a Great Father. The big man (Knox) everybody know he is a brave; but the little man (Hamilton), he no made for war. He made for civil affair, not for war."

It was replied that he was one of our great braves. The old chief could hardly believe it.

Hamilton, Mr. Custis further remarked, was apt to be much absorbed. His eyes were overshadowed with heavy brows and often intent and regardless of what was passing around him.

Mr. Custis had seen him "push directly" through his family to his study, without apparently noticing any one. In the street he would run against persons, but would not fail to offer an apology.

SUNLIGHT THROUGH CLOUDLAND.

BY DR CHAUNCEY BREWER.

Shining thro' clouds,
Oh, thou sweet type of all-redeeming love!
Half buried in the rosy mists above,
Thou sendest many welcome rays
Through the far reaching lands of haze,
Into this world of men.
Shining thro' clouds
The beams of light divine,
From the dear Father's throne
Into our bosoms shine,
And makes us all His own.

—*New York Observer.*

HABITS OF THE SEA-COW.

The manatee, or sea-cow, is the most widely diffused of the sirenians, and, being American, has the first claim to consideration. Its various species are found along the coasts and in the rivers and inland lakes of tropical America; the length of the entire opposite coast of Africa, around the Cape; and as far north up the Mozambique coast as the Zambesi River; in the upper Niger River; in Lake Tchad; in the East African Lake Shirwa; and in the Tana Sea, in Abyssinia. Agassiz has termed the animal the modern representative of the dinotherium, and it is most probably the animal which Columbus mistook for a mermaid. It grows to be sometimes as long as twenty-fifteen or twenty feet, but generally not more than from eight to twelve feet, and to weigh from one to three or four tons, having a body the shape of an elongated barrel, slightly flattened above and below, with two fore-limbs, no signs of hinder extremities, and an horizontally flattened or spatulate tail of about one-fourth the extent of the body. Its skin is much like that of the hippopotamus, and is very sparsely covered with hair. Its fore-limbs are set far forward, are more free in their motions than those of the cetaceans, and may be used as claspers, flexed over the chest, for swimming or dragging the animal along the bottoms, or up the banks of the rivers in which it feeds, and to assist in the prehension of food. The finger bones may be felt through the skin, with which they are connected; but no evidence of digital organs is outwardly visible, except the rudimentary nails on the edges of the flippers. The flippers, flexible and possessing much of the power of the hand, have given the animal its name, from the Latin *manus*, a hand. The head is conical, with a fleshy nose, like that of a cow, and large nostrils, and appears as if joined immediately on to the body, without visible neck. Anatomy furthermore shows that one of the cervical vertebræ, of which there are generally seven in mammals, including the dugong, is wanting. The mouth is small, and without front teeth, but is provided with two mobile, lateral, bristle-covered pads, with which it seizes its food quite dexterously. The mammæ are on the breast, and so resemble those of the human being as to make it easy to believe that the fable of the mermaid was derived from this animal.

The manatees feed in herds on the bottoms of rivers and the shallow waters along the shore, where they browse on algæ and aquatic herbs. They associate together in the most peaceable manner, and show a great community of feeling. They combine for defense when attacked, taking especial care of their young, by putting them in the centre of the group, and, it is said, showing so much intelligent sympathy as to try to pull out the weapon from one of their companions which may have been struck with a harpoon.—*From "Sirens of the Sea," by W. H. Larrabee, in Popular Science Monthly for March.*

BE THOU TRUE.

Care not what others say,
Be thou true!
If they gossip to betray,
Be thou true!
Be consistent and do right,
For the truth make a good fight;
Do what thou dost with all thy might;
Be thou true! Be thou true!

Let thy love be sincere—
Be thou true!
Only God hast thou to fear;
Be thou true!
Since our joys must pass away
Like the dewdrop or the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Be thou true! Be thou true!

Friendship's very hard to find,
Be thou true!
True love is not always blind;
Be thou true!
Time at last makes all things straight,
Let us not resent—just wait—
But not trust too much in fate.
Be thou true! Be thou true!

Like the summer's fragrant flowers,
Be thou true!
Like the April's coming showers,
Be thou true!
Like the mountain looking nigh,
And the river rolling by—
Like the blue and arching sky,
Be thou true! Be thou true!

HIS WORD OF HONOR.

The "Green Dragon," at Orpington, assumed to be an inn, was really little more than a wayside stopping place. Mr. Hunter, landlord and proprietor, was therefore not a little surprised, and flurried when, upon a raw October afternoon, a young man presented himself at the bar of the "Green Dragon," and asked languidly if he could be accommodated with a bed and a sitting-room.

"A bed, sir?" replied Mr. Hunter, a big man with red face and gray hair; "yes, I think I can manage to give you a bed."

"A sitting-room?" echoed the landord, in a tone of one who is considering some great undertaking; "one minute if you please, sir."

And Mr. Hunter disappeared into the little room adjoining the bar, there to hold counsel with some second person; the upshot being that, in a few minutes, Mr. Hunter and a few Hunters just out of the crawling state, issued forth, bearing respectively working materials, socks in process of being mended, tin whistles, and decapitated dolls.

"You can have this room all to yourself, sir," said Mr. Hunter, triumphantly.

"You really must not let me disturb you," replied the traveller.

"Don't you mention it," replied the landlord in a tone which was at once genial and confidential; "we would not turn a customer away from our doors. You see we do not have much parlor company."

"And this is the only room you have that is disengaged?"

"Well, yes, sir; this is the only room at present. Susan! coals for the gentleman's fire."

The traveller was glad enough to enter the apartment and to draw close to the fire the one dilapidated arm chair.

Arthur Seton, barrister by profession, and a writer from choice, was not really more than thirty, though he looked considerably older; for the dark hair and beard were streaked with gray, and the face, with its regular features and pale complexion wore a look of intense mental weariness.

For some time he leaned indolently back, his hands clasped behind his head; at last he rose and took from his bag a locked-up diary, which he opened, and availing himself of pen and ink which stood upon the table, made the following entry:

"October 17, 1874.—Got up late. Called on the Brain-tasers. Governess was out. Had a dance at the Annie; went like a fool to Richmond, and like a fool, haunted the Well House. It looked just the same as in the old, dear days; but I heard children playing in the garden. The house I believe is let to city people. Came back to London; dined at the Pall Mall; went to the club. Got back to chambers late. Wrote a column 'Review.' A weary, weary day. Shall I never know a moment's forgetfulness?"

He drew then from the leaves of the diary a letter written in a delicate hand and addressed, "Arthur Seton, Esq., 12 Gray's Inn." This letter he regarded with a long, sad, loving look; then, resting his head on his hand, he read it through very slowly. It ran as follows:

"My Dear Arthur,—If you will be so suspicious, so jealous and exacting, I cannot see how we are ever to be happy. Faith without works is dead, and love without faith is no blessing, but a weary burden. I am tired of cross words and looks. Some women, I believe, like the feverish excitement of quarrels, but I only wish for peace. This miserable jealousy is quite unworthy of you. Do try and put it from you; and remember that long, long separations sometimes hurt past hope of recovery. I received your article quite safely, but I cannot speak about it now. You have made me too sad, too weary, and even a little indignant.

"Yours affectionately,

"Alice Clarefield."

He replaced the letter, closed the diary, took up his pipe and began smoking. The early part of this day had been fine and mild, but toward the afternoon the sky grew leaden, and the wind shifted to the northeast. Now the wind was rising and the rain was falling—a cold, penetrating, impetuous, determined rain.

For want of something better to do, Seton began to write a letter; but he made slow work of it. For minutes together he sat holding the pen listlessly, leaning his arm wearily upon the table, listening, as we all listen when alone, to what sounds may be going on near us, from a feeling that is not curiosity, but more superworring.

Suddenly what must have been a very light vehicle dashed swiftly down the road and drew up at the door of the "Green Dragon," while the voice of the new comer became audible. Seton, however, could only catch a few disconnected words, such as "caught in the rain—delicate—shelter—Chiselhurst—no train."

Then the door opened, the landlord presented himself upon the threshold, and said, in a very pointed manner:

"If you please, sir, a young lady, driving over to Sevenoaks in a light open trap, has been caught in the rain, and her servant wants to know if I can give her a sitting-room while he drives back to Chiselhurst for closed carriage.

"And this is the only one you have?" rejoined Seton. "Oh, ask her in by all means. However, I am sorry the room smells so of smoke," he added, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"Don't mention it, sir, and thank you very much," replied the landlord.

In another moment the door opened again, and the unexpected intruder entered—a lady tall and graceful, having a pale, Madonna-like face, and golden hair shining like an aureole round a classic head.

Seton's face had grown white to the very lips, and his voice quivered perceptibly as, extending his hand, he said:

"Very unexpected," echoed the lady, removing her wet mantle, and sitting down on the leather sofa. The recognition had been mutual, but women, as a general thing, have more self-possession than the sterner sex.

"Let me recommend this chair," said Seton, laying his hand upon the one from which he had just risen. "No, thank you; I prefer sitting away from the fire."

"I am sorry the room should smell so of tobacco," observed Seton, after a pause, "but, you see, I did not expect the pleasure of a visitor."

She smiled a rather forced smile by way of answer, and Seton bolder elaborately and put into an envelope a blank sheet of paper.

"The country is very beautiful around here," he observed, writing his own name with great care upon the envelope.

"We have only been back from the Continent six weeks," she observed, after a pause, "Mamma has taken a house near Chiselhurst. I was driving over to Sevenoaks this morning, and I was caught in the rain, and induced to ask for shelter here."

"And how is Mrs. Clarefield?"

"Mamma is quite well, thank you." Then after a pause, "Are you stopping here?"

"Hardly," said Seton, with an assumption of gayety in his tone, "but I'll tell you all about it. My friends kindly took it into their heads that I was sticking too closely to work—that I wanted fresh air and exercise—so they bound me over on my word of honor to walk from London to Hastings in a week. I acquiesce in everything now, so, of course, acquiesced in this, and this is my first day of hard labor and imprisonment."

"But you used—" began the lady; then she colored a little and seemed unwilling to finish her sentence; "you used to be so fond of walking."

"But a man changes a good deal in three years," he replied, wearily.

It would weary you, reader, to set down here the dreary commonplaces with which these two tried to beguile the time for over an hour. At last they took refuge in silence, while the wind roared, and the rain lashed the window, the dusk came on prematurely, and Seton looked out on the cheerless prospect, shivered as with the cold. Then the lady rose very quietly, stirred the fire into a blaze, and resumed her seat on the sofa.

"No, you shouldn't, really," said Seton, not turning round, however, and with a look of pain on his face. It is wonderful what suffering some small, commonplace word or action may cause us. What vistas of possible joys may they not open up to us!

"I suppose the carriage will soon be back," said Alice, presently, and speaking with effort; "our coachman drives very fast."

"Yes; your term of imprisonment will soon be up," rejoined Seton, resting his arms upon the mantlepiece, and examining with critical interest a photograph before him.

"How the time passes!" said Alice, in a low voice, as if speaking to herself. Then, with a sudden energy, "I cannot tell when we shall meet again. Before we part, answer me one question. You are looking worn and weary—are you happy?"

Now he stood before her, and through the firelight his eyes flashed on her, as he said, in a low, harsh voice:

"From your lips that question is an insult."

"Of which you need not fear the repetition," she rejoined, with cutting formality.

"No, it can't end like this," he went on. "Do you know, ever since you have been here, I have bitten my lips through and through to keep them from speaking of the past? This meeting was not of your seeking, and it seems to me unmanly to take advantage of this opportunity."

"We are sometimes so much mistaken," she said, hurriedly, but her words were hardly audible, and he continued:

"Alice, you have treated me badly. On that day, two years ago, when I gave you my love, and believed you loved me, the person who had dared to interrupt his slumbers. My friendly advancement, with a few pacifying words, seemed to please him, for he lowered his head against the bars and rubbed it and the rest of his body against them, which I interpreted as an encouragement to pat him again. Then I began to scratch his head, the leopard pushing himself forward in order that my hand could also offer the same caress to the neck and back. When I reached the tail he let it glide through my hand, approaching again with his head and repeating the sport. In this way our friendship was sealed, and henceforth the leopard watched the entrance door, becoming restless as soon as I appeared, showing his joy by hurrying to and fro in his cage, and by friendly sniffles calling for my caresses. However, he had been tamed for a long time, and Mr. Van Aken sometimes set him at liberty in the evening when no visitors were present. One evening when I entered the menager'e, the animal, being at that moment free and responding to the caresses of Mr. Van Aken, rushed with a few bounds toward me, and jumping up at me, rested his fore paws on my chest, his hot breath mingling with mine, if that had not come to a stop at the unexpected sight. Mr. Van Aken, running to my assistance, helped me to regain my composure, and I stroked the head and back of the splendid animal, which now, cat-like, wound himself between my legs, I meanwhile explaining to the astonished owner about our intimacy.

Since the Zoological Garden has been opened here I have witnessed similar examples. One time I tickled the head and neck of a spotted hyena with my cane, and he placed himself against the bars of the cage with a peculiar, smiling look, encouraging me to extend the scratching to the sides of his body. The hyena